LAMBERTS
Laſt game plaid,

Set out in a Mock-

COMEDY,

BETWIXT

JOHN LAMBERT, Eſq.
COL. *COBBET*.
Young *HASLERIG*.
and
Major *CREED*.

At their lodgings in the

TOVVER

With

A merry conceited Fellow, called

ROGER.

TOGETHER

VVith a Viſitation of divers Siſters of the Phanatique Crew.

PRINTED, By their conſents, 1660.

LAMBERTS

Last game plaid,

COMEDY,

BETWEEN

JOHN LAMBERT, Esq

[illegible]

[illegible] HASLEY,

and

Major CREED.

At their lodgings in the

TOWER

with

A merry conceited Fellow, called

ROGER.

TOGETHER

With a Visitation of divers Sisters of the Phanatique Crew.

PRINTED, By their consents, 1660.

LAMBERTS

Laſt game plaid,

Set out in a Mock-

COMEDY,

BETWIXT

JOHN LAMBERT, Eſq.
COL. *COBBET*.
Young *HASLERIG*.
and
Major *CREED*.

At their lodgings in the TOWER.

Enter Lambert *alone.*

OH! What croſs Fate doth attend me? I have plaid my Cards bravely, no ſooner eſcaped out of Priſon; thinking to recover my old fame amongſt the Phanatique crew (who hath alwaies lookt

upon me as their refuge) but that I miſcarried (I think I may ſay in my laſt enterpriſe) for I think I ſhall never be able to Head anymore Parties, becauſe they will make me ſhorter my ſelf by the head: indeed if they had not followed us ſo hard we might have done ſome good on it, if they had let Col. *Okey*, *Whaley*, *Desborough*, and Col. *Goff*. come to the Rendezvouz, which would have been within a day or two in *Leiceſterſhire*: But we were hunted by ſome of our own breed, who knew the game as well as my ſelf, and ſerved me as I did Sir *George Booth*, diſſipated me before I could get my forces together, but ſurely there was either treachery or cowerdize in it, or both, for the Anabaptiſts and the reſt of the Phanatiques I am ſure they would not have failed me of the hundred thouſand pounds they promiſed me; nay I believe the ſiſters would have brought in their botkins ad thimbles as faſt as they did at the beginning of the Wars, ſo that there could have been no need of money, if we of the ſouldiery had not ſpoyled the deſign our ſelves.

Enter Col. Cobbet, *Major* Creed, *Young* Haſlerig, *and others*,

Col. Cob. What all alone my Lord? but why ſhould I ask ſuch a ſilly queſtion, when I heard you were as well as we committed cloſe Priſoner, but we through the help of ſome friends have gaind the liberty to come and ſee you, though it be with ſome hazard.

Lambert. *How ſimply thou talkſt, can you hazard more then you have done your lives.*

Y. Haſle. Me thinks your Lordſhip looks pale and wan, and not as you uſe to do.

Lamb. *Thou art a puny, thou art not ſenſible of loſing a deſign,*

design, I'le warrant thee thy Father takes no rest nor sleep a nights for thinking of the failing of this design: for I know (if he escape while then) which way he must go when King Charles comes.

Maj. Creed. But Sir, what news? have you no intelligence privately?

Lam. *No not I, I have sent out my mad fellow* Roger *(which they take for a fool) and expect him every minute again.*

Cobbet. Hold here comes some body.

Lam. *It is he, ask him what news.*

Cobbet. How now *Roger* what news abroad?

Roger. *Shall I deal plainly and truly with you?*

Cobb. I prethee do.

Roger. *Why truly the common talk is, you will be hanged, with a great many more of your confederates, as Liev. Coll.* Yong, *Cap. Clare, Capt.* Gregory, *and Cap.* Spinnage, *with a great many great ones, as Col.* Okey, Axtel, Whaley, Goff, Desborough, *and others, of which some are taken, and the rest cannot escape; but for my Master it is said he shall have the priviledge of being beheaded, because he was Liev. Gen. (if he do not cheat the hangman, by stabbing, drowning, or hanging himself in his own cruel Garters.*

All. Cut, Kick the Rogue, doth he come to scoff us in our afflictions.

Y. Hasl. *Not so fierce Gentlemen, you forget you have no swords, no not so much as a knife to defend you from a dog if he should run at your shins.*

Lam. See the effects of Rebellion and Treason, when it fails in the attaining those Scullions, that before when you were in your height and lustre would have done the meanest of offices for you, now can upbraid and jeer you

you to your face, when they see you under a cloud and like to come to ruine; but what do I trouble my self with these petty things, when my life lies at stake, and no way to save it as I know of.

Roger. *what ayls you to be so angry, when you sent me out on purpose to gain Intelligence, and I brought you word what the common Verdict was, not as I wish it, for if I seek Countrey and City over, I shall never have such another Master, a stout Master, a valiant Master, a generous Master, and what not; therefore I will see his end before I leave him.*

Cob. But thou saidst thou hadst more news, prethee let us hear all now thou art relating it, for I approve of it hugely.

Rog. *Well I'le relate it to you, may be you'l quarrel with me as you did for my other News; but tide Life tide Death, I'le tell you as I am credibly informed by the Reverend Multitude (in whom I put great trust) that presently after your Engagement at* Edg-hill (*it being well you were gone before*) *there was a frightful sight to the Countrey a matter of three or four Regiments, as nigh as could be guest of the Earl of* Essex's *old Souldiers, all rising together, crying out for King and Parliament, for King and Parliament: And by them that knew them better then I, there was* Hambden, *and* Hollis, *and other of their old Officers that led them up in a brave equipage. Nay, they say, they march for* London, *to keep Guard there, which will be a great ease to the Trained-Bands and Auxiliaries; for do but set them to their several Guards, and they never look for no relief: All the fear is they will heartily fright our City-Dames; some having no legs, some no Arms, nay they say, some no Heads, yet all brave Souldiers and Fire-men alike.*

Y. Haste. But thou art not so simple to believe these things surely *Roger.* Ro-

Roger. *Surely I am good Mr.* Haſlerig, *and ſo may you too and you will, and I'le warrant you'l ſee it it in Print to morrow.*

Y. Haſle. Why you fool, is all true that is in Print?

Roger. *Yes Good-man-fool, or elſe what ſhould be true.*

Lamb. The fool grows impudent, ſpurn him away.

They all kick him out of the Room.

Lambert. Now we are by our ſelves, let us (if we can) conſider what courſe to take, for I have plaid faſt and looſe ſo with the other Parliament, that this will never truſt me, without that when the King comes he ſhould take pitty and ſet us at Liberty upon our good behaviour; the which I am ſure I never, and I think moſt of us had never none to him.

Cob. *what noiſe is this without.*

Lamb. Bar the door.

Y. Haſle. *That is in vain.*

Maj. Creed. It is *Roger* with women at his heels, who ſay they muſt ſpeak with your Lordſhip.

They all ſlink away and leave Lambert *alone.*

Roger. Siſters, quoth I, and civil women, the Devil they are; never was poor man ſo troubled to keep out a company of Cattel, I'le be hanged if one had not better have dealt with a company of *Turnball-ſtreet* Ladies; one catcht me by the ears, another by the hair, another by another place, I was never ſo fraid of my Quidlibits in my life; but ſince my Maſter and they are together, I'le leave them, and go down to my old ſweetheart *Siſſes*, who ſells a cup of good Ale, and there ſhe and I will drink away all ſorrow, though I were ſure my Maſter ſhould be hanged to morrow.

Lamb. *Good women, would you ſpeak with me.*

. *Women.* O thou betrayer of our Christian Liberty.

2. *Women.* Art thou he that we have put all this trust in all this while, if thou hadst not been able to fight and stand up for us, Why couldest thou not try to overtreat them as *Monck* did thee; seeing there is no peace with the wicked; but we see the Lord hath left thee as he did *Saul.*

3. *Women.* What do you lie talking to him, take him and tare him to pieces, make an example of him, for I never lookt for better from him; now we want the old Protector, he would fight for us, stand with us, weep with us; nay do any thing with us for a need; but this piece of Northern-shrunk cloth.

Enter the Warders and force them out.

Lamb. *Was ever man thus troubled and abused, once again help me my wits, better be hanged presently, then stay their leasure for an Axe*——

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.